



The The Pressure Machine

Our Dear Leader
Song about Power and Control
No Reason except Reason
When the Clouds are Below

Words by Chris Lee, and Stephen DeNora
West Belmor, New Jersey, 2006



Our Dear Leader

Words by Chris Lee

Come on baby, don't you want to see where this would have led?
Maybe a place without guillotines, and children's knicks?

You are far from home, and the train has left.

You are on the ground with cuts on your neck.

If you don't believe that I would have changed a thing,

Well you are wrong, and I will prove it to you while I sing,

"Come back."

Baby, come back to me,

They are wrong for you, can't you see?

You said that this had to be.

Baby, come back to me.

Baby, come back to me.

You said that this had to be.

Add up the times that you spent, down on your knees.

Picturing them with the words you cannot speak.

Can't you see what you have done to me?

I am terrified of them.

Be torn apart, limb by limb

Baby, come back to me.

They are wrong for you, can't you see?

You said that this had to be.

Baby, come back to me,

Baby, come back to me.

Because now on the ground you will bleed.

Baby, come back to me.

Come back.

Come back.

Come back.

Come back.

Come back.

Come back.

Song about Power and Control

Words by Stephen DeNoia, and Chris Lee

The sound of the waves crashing against the rocks, can not compare to the weight of these letters, of the life I have taken.

A burning body, headlights in the fog, both give off the same amount of light to the crows' eyes.

Face down in the water, she thinks to her self,

"I suppose the Fish will eat tonight."

She is an example, a perfect death.

She is an example, a perfect death.

Sharpened in satire, until there is nothing left.

You greet each day with an injection in your heart, and millions of dollars on your face.

You see the whole wide world through rose colored explosions, and loving jubilation.

You hug, and pass, and complete science.

Good morning, you are my first cut of the day.

How can I reconstruct you?

I am taking my dead to the bells at a church tonight.

What do you suggest I mine her?

A bouquet of essential components would be very interoperable.

I hope I didn't wake you from an unhealthy sleep, for I have a digital heart right by my bedside.

Go back to sleep.

Try counting your makers.

They know them to be a scantily clad thief, with their pair of lives on his back.

It is all in the takes.

Here is to your health.

Productivity built in.

This is not about power and control.

Stone Trees and Alcohol,
Silver Screens and Doorways,





Dark Waters, can you see,

That there is nothing left?

No Reason except Reason

No Reason except Reason

Words by Stephen DeNoia

Once bore a terrible weight.

She was dragging me down.

Now, I perceive it too late,

That without her, I could drown.

Lost in a spiral.

A vicious cycle, or guiltless doubt.

We are without.

No, no, no.

We are without.

We are without.

We are without.

We are so stupid, now.

We are without.

No reason as to why.

We are like a match in the snow.

More like a star far off in some night.

And it is already been extinguished.

But we have only just received its light.

But, we keep going.

And never knowing our true nature.

We don't care

No, no, no.

We don't care

We don't care, we don't care.

We don't care

We don't care

We don't care

About the reason as to why

We don't care, we don't care.

We are the gods, we are

We don't care

We are the gods, we are the gods.

We don't care

We are the gods, we are the gods.

We don't care

We are the gods, we are

We don't care

We are the gods, we are

We don't care

We are the demons, you adore.

We don't care

We are the gods, we are the gods.

We don't care

We are the godless born.

We don't care

There is no reason as to why.

When the Clouds are Below

Words by Chris Lee

Did I forget to tell you that you looked beautiful tonight, right in front,
Of me, effortlessly, the only thing that I place in certainty, that whatever road you travel down.

Stripped down of all your physical attachments.

Hands pulling you off in every directions.

Running your fingers down every vein line.

Withered away, and bittered through passed time.

I still know where to go,

To find you, off in some mildly.

Sun filled landscape, falling down, from wild hares spent awake.

This is the only thing I can attest for,

These are things I want us to undress for,

This all is just the sun, and the sun sifting through the cloud, as they travel down, and speed
along above me.

To wherever I go, I will see you there,

Wherever I know, I will be there.

I don't know.

I guess, that if I had one last thing to say,

It is that I would give anything, anything to feel that way.

To be alive, with the sun on our face,



The Pressure Machine was written, and recorded
in West Belmar, New Jersey, in 2005 and 2006.



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